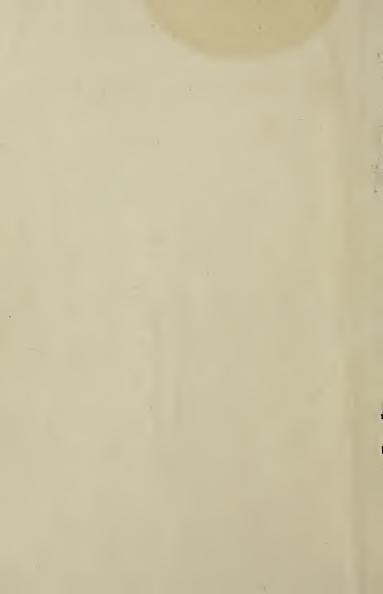


PRICE, 25 CENTS.







GOV. TAYLOR'S

LOVE LETTERS

TO THE PUBLIC.

TO

UNCLE SAM,
POLITICIANS,
BOYS,
GIRLS,
BACHELORS,
DRUMMERS,
FIDDLERS,
FISHERMEN,
MOTHERS-IN-LAW,
CANDIDATES,
SWEETHEARTS,
SPORTSMEN,
TEACHERS.

ILLUSTRATED,

PRICE, POSTPAID, 25 CENTS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

It is marvelous what a hold Gov. Robert L. Taylor has upon the hearts of the people—a hold that seems to strengthen with every recurring year. They watch his movements with interest, they listen to his voice with pleasure, and they drink in his written words with avidity and delight. And this is not strange, when his personal magnetism and his brilliancy and versatility as a writer are taken into consideration. He has long been known as a most popular orator and entertainer, and his reputation as a humorist is as wide as the country itself. He has said and written many good things in his time, but it is safe to say that his LOVE LETTERS TO THE PUBLIC, as published in The Illustrated Youth and Age, of Nashville, Tenn., and reproduced in this volume, are the climax of his work. For these letters there has been a constant and ever increasing demand, until many of the issues containing them have become exhausted, and hence the publishers have been forced to collect and reproduce them in book form, in order to satisfy this demand and give the public at large an opportunity to possess the collected letters.

The Governor handles every subject with the hand of a master. His advice to Politicians is good, and that to Bachelors is better, while his letter to Fiddlers is a poem, and the one to Boys brings back our own early days and makes us involuntarily wish that we were a boy again. "The world," he tells us, "is a bouquet of flowers to the boy whose heart is full of

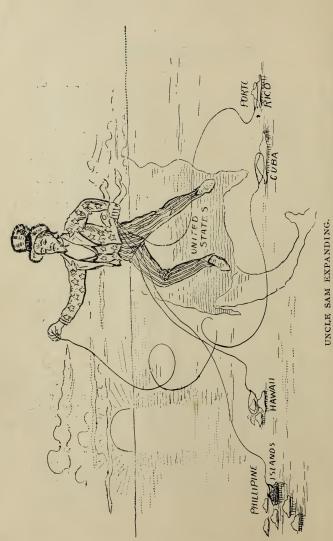
love."

He loves music, and so no wonder his letters are full of it and of his precious violin. "Music is music," he says, "whether it be the laughter and song of the fiddle, or the melodies of the human voice; music is the hallelujah of the soul, whether it comes through fiddle strings or vocal chords. Happy is the home in which fiddles and fiddlers dwell, and nearest to heaven is the church where fiddlers and singers blend their music in hymns of praise to Almighty God."

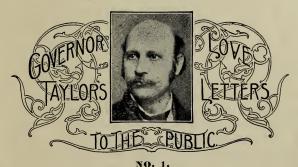
But Gov. Taylor is something more than a humorist and a musician; he is a great word-painter, putting into the sublimest language the grandest and the most solemn thoughts conceivable by man, as witness his article on Ingersol, included in this volume, and which will live in literature as a masterpiece.

E. W. D.

unacc



He has already thrown his lariates over several archipelagoes and single islands, and is now getting the noose around Cuba.



TO UNCLE SAM.

JANUARY 1, 1899.

Dear Uncle Sam:

As one of your numerous nephews, I am exceedingly anxious for your welfare. You have always been represented to me as a very tall and lean old star-spangled gentleman, with a fur plug hat and chin whiskers. I very much fear that you are going too far away from home on your gunning expeditions. It is true the game you are after is tempting, and nobody doubts your ability to bag it; but I implore you, old man, to look to your health and happiness. You are not as young as you were a hundred years ago, and you have never left home for sport before. The meat under Cuba's wing may be sweet, and no doubt the drumstick of Porto Rico would be delicious; at any rate, you have them in your grasp and seem to be preparing for the feast, with the Philippines for dessert; but I do not really believe that you ought to indulge in Manilla ice cream, and I am sure that Aguinaldo pudding will sour on your stomach. All of these foreign dishes will give you nightmare, as sure as you are born. Why not be content to sit down to your own hog and hominy, and turnip greens, and canvasbacks, and beef, and venison, and 'possum,

and pumpkin pie, and political punch?

I am aware that it is always the ambition of a lean man to expand, and I am persuaded that you are just a little bit envious of John Bull's colonial corpulency and British preponderosity. No doubt you are now dreaming of the day when your luminous-striped vest will encircle your rotund stomach like the belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn; but let me remind you that fat men snore and have gout and sometimes keel over with apoplexy.

Uncle Sam, you are a daisy. Two years ago you were for contraction by a large majority; now you are tearing your shirt for expansion. I suppose that while you are contracting and expanding you will take a notion after awhile to stretch yourself to your full length on the western hemisphere, until the mosquitoes shall roost on your big toe at Cape Horn, while icebergs form on your whiskers in Alaska. It may be all right, and you have about seventy-five millions of nephews and nieces who are for you, right or wrong; but some of us hope that you won't get too big for your breeches; or, rather, that your breeches won't get too small for you. We don't want you to become too gay, and we are opposed to your attending too many banquets, such as you have been reveling in ever since last April. We think the jubilee of peace is far better for your liver than the banquet of war. But all these little hints are prompted by love and veneration and solicitude for your good name and your glory. I would not wound your feelings for a box of Havanas or a hogshead of Honolulus; but I confess with blushes that there are about seventy-four millions, nine hundred and seventy-five thousand of your kinsfolk who have good ground for com-plaint. We see the stars twinkling and the eagles flappling their wings on the shoulders of your heroes; we see the girls smothering them with kisses, and we all sigh for a few smothers. Our complaint is that we cannot all wear stars or eagles, and therefore we cannot have "equal blessings to all, with exclusive privileges to none." Not long ago I saw the city of Nashville open her arms and press two of your heroes to her bosom. One was Captain Maynard, of the United States gunboat Nashville, who fired the first gun of the war with Spain; the other was Lieutenant Hobson, who set an example of daring and courage for the generations to follow. If you could have seen the laughing and shouting bouquet of seven thousand little school children who greeted them in our great auditorium at high noon; if you could have heard them sing the national airs and keep time with waving flags, you would have agreed with me that there is nothing left of Mason and Dixon's line, except that it is now only the dividing line between cold bread and hot biscuits; if you could have heard the storm of applause from old and young which greeted them in the evening, you would have waved your old bandanna in the air and joined in the glorious jubilee; if you could have heard the explosions of the rosy bombshells that burst in kisses on their cheeks, no doubt you would have rushed into the thickest of the fight. If you could have heard our speeches of welcome, you would have fainted as dead as a mackerel from exhaustion. But the banqut "in the wee sma' hours" capped the climax. We had greeted our noble guests with compliments and speeches and the clapping of hands through the day, but at the banquet we gave them welcome with smoking quails and pompanoes, and this, that, and the other; and there was popping of corks, and effervescing and sparking, and a good time in the old town that night. We bade a reluctant farewell to Captain First Shot and Lieutenant Merrimac, and went to bed feeling that we were citizens of the greatest country in the world, and all heroes.

Good-by, Uncle Sam; take care of your health and chin whiskers. Remember me kindly to the American Eagle, give my love to the Goddess of Liberty, and may we all live long and prosper.

Total dayled

TO THE POLITICIANS.

"Robin Roost," Johnson City, Tenn., February 1, 1899.

My Dear, Sweet Old Angels:

With tearful eyes and breaking heart I leave your shining ranks. My tears are tears of glad-

ness; my heart is breaking with joy.

Somehow or other we have never flocked together in the paradise of politics. You wanted me to blow your trumpet, but I preferred the mellower notes and softer tones of the old-time fiddle of the people. I am aware that the good, old-fashioned popular airs which thrilled the hearts of our fathers are not in favor now with your angelic Majesties. Our country is keeping step to the modern boom-de-ya of ring politics, and waltzing to the earth-cracking and sky-rending music of modern political "Vogners." Our statesmanship now trips the light fantastic toe in the latter-day gold-standard "german" and the imperial expansion "skirt dance," at the expense of the people and the peril of the nation.

Common folks cannot understand this so-called high-class music, nor the figures of these newfangled dances, and, therefore, they are in a condition which is beautifully illustrated by a tale I used to hear before politics snatched me baldheaded. At an old-time country dance, the fiddlers rosined their bows and took their places on the platform. The floor manager rose and imperiously shouted: "Get your partners for a cotillion! All you ladies and

gentlemen who wear shoes and stockings will take your places in the center of the room; all you ladies and gentlemen who wear shoes and no stockings will take your places immediately behind them; and you barefooted crowd must jig it around in the corners." You dear old politicians wear the shoes



THE POLITICIAN AND HIS VICTIM.

and stockings, while we, the people, are the barefooted crowd. But I beg that you will believe me sincere when I say that I am contented with the corners, for there is more sincerity and genuine happiness there than I have ever found in the center. Many a time I have seen a hundred and eighty pounds of unadulterated treachery in one pair of shoes, and a whole armful of slippered and skirted insincerity in a single pair of stockings. I have swung corners with ingratitude and hypocrisy until I whizzed in the air and my coat tails popped like a whip cracker. Who has not? I have danced in the same set with M. "Boozard" and Signor "Carrioncrow." So has every man who ever entered the political ballroom. But I was always so awkward and so unfortunate as to be continually stepping on somebody's political corns and ambitious bunions; and therefore I was in the midst of perpetual "ouch," and the recipient of innumerable tender compliments and affectionate daggers; and now,

> If you could see my mortal scars, The fleshy records of my jars, You'd think I'd spent my life in wars Where whips, fists, clubs, and stones Wage endless strife with flesh and bones.

But I have vanished from the center of politics to the warm corner of a happy home; and I find rest and sympathy here under the outstretched wings of my native mountains. Who could not find rest and happiness in a land like this? "The foot of a man has never trod the sod of any spot on earth where purer fountains gem the hills, and brighter streams, falling from loftier heights, wind their shining way through greener, sweeter, lovelier vales." Heaven never smiled on landscapes more beautiful, and the eagles never soared under softer skies than those which bend above the sun-painted

cliffs and peaceful, happy valleys of my own East Tennessee.

To the jaded politician who has grown weary of fishing for votes and angling for suckers, there is surcease of sorrow here in the brawling brooks of the mountains, where the genuine speckled trout plays hide and seek with the sunshine in the shoals, or sleeps in the darkening eddies, under the fragrant bloom of the overhanging honeysuckles. To the overworked public servant upon whose head the snows that never melt have too soon fallen, these bright, leaping, laughing, dashing, buoyant mountain rivers are the symbols of youth and the synonyms of happiness. On their grassy brinks he may sit and listen to the singing of his reel and the swish of his line, and watch the game black bass as he leaps up out of the middle of the stream, with the hook in his mouth, and flashes in the sunlight, and then darts back to make the reel sing and the line swish again. Or, if he wishes a diversity of sport and pleasure, I will loan him one of my shotguns and a pair of my leggings, and we will leave the trout and bass in the brook and brimming river and follow my brace of beautiful Lewellen bird dogs, "Fiddle" and "Bow," into the fields, and serenade the vanishing coveys with chilled shot and smokeless powder. In such a life in such a land there is no snow upon the heart; 'tis always summer there. Do you politicians say that you have no time to waste in such unprofitable sports? So said I for twenty years; but I have discovered that there is more profit in it, both to the pocket and the soul, than in the phantom-fishing and shadow-chasing sports of politics. There is no meat so sweet as the boneless sides of the speckled trout, and a smoking quail on toast is a joy forever; but you cannot eat the political sucker, nor can you digest the game you bag in politics. It is true that the science of government is a wonderful field for the energies of the brain. There is room in its air for every wing; but croaking crows fly above the mocking birds, and the pitiless hawk circles to dizzy heights, only to swoop down and strangle the song of the linnet or bury his talons in the heart of the dove. It hath its awful altitudes of glory, but merciless condors hover there; and he who reaches the icy summit will look down on the humbler plane of life below, and wish his feet had never wandered from its warmer sunshine and sweeter flowers. I am now basking in the warmer sunshine and reveling among the sweeter flowers; and if politics shall ever stand before me again and ask what it can do for me, I will say to it what Diogenes said to Alexander the Great: "Please get out of my sunshine."

O, give the laurels to heroes, the glory to the great,
Palaces and power to the heads of State;
But give me love and laughter—my children round my knee,
In my happy cottage, O, that's the life for me!

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

NO. 3. TO THE BOYS.

"Robin's Roost," Johnson City, Tenn.,

February 6, 1899.



Y Dear Chums: The happiest period of human life is youth; and the happiest specimen of youth is a big, healthy, awkward, watery-jointed, rollicking, frollicking boy, with his heart full of dreams, and his head full of schemes, and his pockets full of apples and things. He is a bouncing laugh and a bound-

ing yell. He is the beloved bandit of every mother's heart and the delightful outlaw of every old

daddy's home.

What cares he for painted walls, and garnished rooms, and velvet rugs, and pictured tapestries, and pastelles, and water colors, and crayons in frames of gilt and gold? What cares he for frescoed halls, and polished floors, and stairways of mahogany? What cares he for all the chandeliers that shine, so he has liberty to romp on the green carpets of the meadows and hills, under heaven's flaming chandelier, and a place to sleep in the lumber room, among the cobwebs and old, dusty trunks, where his rest is as sweet as though he were pillowed on the couch of a king, with silken curtains drawn

about him? What cares he for champague and sherry, if he can lie down and drink from the bubbling spring, or hear the corks of laughter pop, and listen to the wild melodies of nature's songs that sparkle in his soul? What cares he for "consomme," so he can get plenty of soup? What cares he for "sirloin," so he has beef to eat? What cares he for "roast prairie chicken," so he gets

chicken? What cares he for all the "a la's" and "de la's " and juses" of the up-todate menu? They are "vanity and vexation of spirit" to him, in comparison with a good old-fashioned, wellcooked, big-dish home dinner, steaming like an engine, and tempting his appetite with the mingling aromas of boiled cabbage and stewed turnips, and



mashed potatoes, and smoking biscuits, and corn dodgers dodging behind the golden battlements of fresh country butter, with big white pitchers sweating on the outside of cold buttermilk, and pumpkin pies laughing all over the table.

If I wish to find a sure enough boy, I do not search for him in the parlor, but in the pantry. I

do not expect to find him in the drawing-room, but in the dining-room. He does not lurk in the library, but in the back yard with his game chickens and white rabbits and Billy goats, or in the fields, shouting and shooting in the glorious company of his faithful dogs. The reason is that a boy loves his stomach better than poems and pictures; he loves nature better than art. The truth is, he is nature's child; and the child loves to play close to the warm, throbbing heart of his mother.

Nature furnishes him mud puddles to wade in,

swimming and holes to swim in, and stones throw, and birds to throw at, and hills to coast on, and streams to fish in, and sunshine to warm in, and shade to cool in, and fruits and berries of every kind to eat, and " Molly cottontails" to hunt, and a thousand other joys which bless his life.

But soon the hour comes when nature must wean



her boy, and lead him out of her nursery into the sweet gardens of fancy and the green fields of poetry, which lie on the frontier of cold facts—the border land of reality. To prepare him for his future career, she first touches his vocal cords and changes his voice from the tone of the fife to the mellifluous notes of a bass viol, and puts a little hair on his upper lip, and whispers one word in his heart, which, in the twinkling of an eye, changes his dreams and his destiny. That word is "love." What a world of beauty it unfolds to him! And how sudden is his transition from the mud puddle to the bath tub; from the "Molly Cottontail" to the "Molly Curly-head;" from frolics in the haymow to meditation among the buttercups and clover blossoms; from yells to love songs; from unrestrained laughter to sickly smiles; from textbooks to novels; from novels to the opera; from the opera to strolls in the moonlight; and from the moonlight to lamplight in the parlor, where he sits behind closed doors in executive session, and holds her hand for an hour and never says a word!

The world is a bouquet of flowers to the boy

whose heart is full of love.

When I was a gay country boy in my jeans and my teens, I was as green as the green, green grass, and innocent as Mary's little lamb. I had two cronies who were equally as green as I; and we had a good right to be green. The fields in which we played together were green, the trees that shaded us were green, the woodlands around us were green, and we were all very fond of turnip greens. But we had seen the sunshine love the green fields into harvests of gold, and kiss the green mountains until they turned purple with joy and pouted their crimson lips to be kissed again; and in our jeans, and amid our greens, we sighed for love and kisses.

The sweethearts of our childhood, like little

birds, had long since flown from the mountains to live in a neighboring city, and the report came to us like an echo from paradise that they still remembered us, and loved us, and wished that we might come. So, with butternut suits, and squeaking boots, and our little wool hats with brims pushed up in front, we boarded the cars; and soon we were primping, and blacking, and brushing, and perspiring in the hotel, within five squares of the flounced and powdered enemy. At length an immense bull's eye watch in the trembling hands of one of my comrades announced that the hour for action had arrived, and we reconnoitered the crowded streets, "wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." Far out in the country from whence we had come there was no such thing as a doorbell, and suddenly there was a tapping, as of some one loudly rapping, rapping hard upon the door; and "the silken, sad, uncertain rustling" of our sweethearts' skirts within "thrilled us, filled us with fantastic terrors" we had never felt before. Our hearts leaped to our throats when the heavy-paneled oak door swung back on noiseless hinges, and the "century reeled" when we paused in the hall under the brilliant chandelier, where we put into execution our studied and practiced bows. Then there was a rush for three chairs in the farthest corner of the parlor, into which we dropped with a thud, blushing and perspiring in front of three sofas in the opposite corner, which were half occupied by three little slippered and skirted dreams of beauty who beckoned and persuaded and coaxed us to come across; but we answered the challenge with more blushes and more grins and perspira-

tion. The cause of our dreadful embarrassment was our appalling discovery that our sweethearts had evolved into cultured and refined young society ladies, with not a single trace of the country girls we used to know left, either in dress, conservation or appearance; while we had grown up green and unsophisticated, and, if possible, more awkward than ever. In the midst of our struggle to regain our equilibrium the door opened again, and in stepped three elegantly dressed young gentlemen, who were evidently the beaux of our erstwhile sweethearts. The city swell always has supreme contempt for a country boy, especially in the game of love. These young men laughed in our faces when we again put into execution our studied and practiced bows, and they gracefully sat down by the girls and began to pour out great sluices of nonsense. They were kind enough, however, to fire a few questions at us, to which we replied in monosyllables, and with more perspiration, which ran down our cheeks like the rain, until the paper collar of one of my cronies came in two; and he instantly sprang to his feet and broke for the door, closely followed by his two demoralized and completely routed comrades; and amid the protestations and appeals of the young ladies to remain longer, we made a rush for the street and vanished forevermore.

The years rolled on, and we all found congenial spirits closer home, who made our hearts Edens and our firesides paradise.

One of my cronies became a splendid business man and private secretary to the governor of a great State; the other became a judge; while the city swells who laughed in the faces of the innocent country lads were long since lost in the shuffle, and have never been heard of among those who have succeeded in the world.

I would not say aught to discourage the boys who dwell in the cities and towns, for they have ten thousand advantages which a country boy never dreams of. The cities and towns are the emporiums of art and science, and the great schools of polytechnics and mechanical training; but the country is the nursery of poets and statesmen. I have seen something of life in both, and my observation has been that the country is the place to raise a boy, where the green hills and beautiful landscapes broaden his views, and where the great mountains point upward toward God.

Yours truly,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR.



No. 4. TO THE GIRLS.

"Robin's Roost," Johnson City, Tenn., March 1, 1899.

Y Dcar Little Sweethearts:
The prettiest thing I ever saw wore dresses; the sweetest thing I ever surveyed had a mouth like a crimson bow, and two bright eyes that looked like two little heavens with angels in 'em; and the happiest thing I ever beheld

wore slippers and tripped like a fairy on the horizon of life's blissful morning. When I add the dress, and mouth, and eyes, and slippers all together, I have the sum of beauty, sweetness, brightness and happiness; and that is you. I never see you that I do not think of rosebuds, and music, and love; and why should I not think of them? Rosebuds are the prophecies of full-blown beauty, music is the incense of the soul, and love is the soul itself.

In every human breast there is a little throbbing world, ruddy as the planet Mars, and far more wonderful. It hath but one continent, upon whose purple shores the crimson tides of life forever ebb and flow, measuring off the circling years of time. We call this little world the human heart. It is the paradise of love. Its ruby gates are guarded by the seraphim of virtue and truth; and in the

rapturous hours of girlhood no wings ever cleave its crystal air but angel wings; within its blissful bowers no voices are ever heard but the voices of happiness. The heart of an innocent girl is a little palpitating world of mirth and merriment, untainted by guile, unclouded by sin. It hath its fragrant rose brakes, where beautiful dreams wake and heave the bosom with joy; it hath its bubbling springs of laughter and its rippling rivers of song; and here love transforms itself into a little winged god, with shining quiver and silver bow, and flies away to the heaven of the eyes, from whose fields of light he finds wanton sport in shooting poisoned arrows at all the hearts that chance to come within his range.

Do you want me to tell you how you may know when a boy has been bit with one of Cupid's arrows? He begins to shave his pimpled face, and make a desperate effort to sprout a mustache; be begins to wear collars bigger than his shirt and a necktie like a morning-glory; he has his trousers creased every day, and his patent leathers polished; he has a dreamy look, and blushes whether he will or no; he feels like a culprit, and dare not look you straight in the eyes, lest you discover his secret thought; he cannot refrain from sending boxes of caramels, and French candies, and fruits in season. The effect of the amorous wound is blood poison, producing temporary insanity, followed by softening of the brain.

The young merchant and his clerks let business languish while they play the game of hearts; the young lawyers turn away from text-books to file their first bills in the chancery of love, only to be demurred out of court; the young doctor cures his

patients with neglect, while he prescribes affectionate elyxirs for his darling "Dul-ci-ne-a del Toboso;" the town swell nicks his horse's tail and buys a new buggy; and when he has tucked his hallucination close by his side under the silver spray of his new lap robe, there is a ripple of laughter, a crack of the whip, and instantly a silk shirt waist and a cutaway coat "hit the dim and shadowy distance like Nancy Hanks."

But it is the law of God that through the sacred portals of a true girl's heart only one spirit can pass at a time, to mate with her spirit in the Eden



How to tell when a boy is in love.

of love; and it is for her, and her alone, to say: "Come in, sweet angel; come in." If the spirit who enters is pure, and noble and good, and true, and congenial with her ideals, and generous to her whims, then there will be

Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one:

and no matter how dark are the clouds of sorrow that lower, no matter how thick are the troubles of life that gather, the roses of love will bloom on and the fountains of happiness will flow to the grave. But—alas!—too often the disguised spirit of a brute is admitted, and then the heart is Eden

blighted; it is love's paradise lost.

Did you never see a fair young girl wed a hog and tenderly pat him on the jowl, and did you never hear her call him "Darling?" I have; and she wasn't my wife, either. Did you never read in Shakespeare's "Midsummer-night's Dream," how the deluded Titania wove garlands of flowers for the brow of an ass? I have seen it done many a time in actual life.

It is common for girls to link their precious lives with good looks and good clothes, rather than with

heart and brains.

I drop these little hints in order to warn our girls who have not yet embarked in the heart business to first know the truth before they admit the spirit; for it is a sad spectacle to see a woman's heart become a pigpen, or a mule stall, or the plaything of an idiot.

There is only one Did you ever see a fair young girl wed a sadder scene in hog and tenderly pat him on the jowl?

this world, and that is where a noble young man with splendid possibilities wakes up and finds himself the husband of a silly girl without any heart at all, and has his pinions clipped by a sloven or a scolding wife. There is a great deal of talk about the "new" woman in these latter days. The "old" woman is good enough for me; but it matters not whether she is old or new, if the little purple planet in her bosom is all right and

its gates are well guarded.

If a woman has thoughts, let them fly; there is room enough in the intellectual air for every wing. If she can write, let her have the ink bottle; give her a pen and foolscap "a-plenty." If she must make a living by her own endeavors, either of body or mind, let her have the largest liberty, and let every man take off his hat to her; but, for the Lord's sake, girls, keep out of politics; and, above all things, if you have a home, make it bright and beautiful. Let no pleasure come between you and its hearthstone; let no ambition lure you from its door; let it be the sun, around which two hearts, at least, shall wheel in perfect peace and harmony, blossoming in its light, and making it a complete planetary system of happiness in the universe of love.

Go slow, my dears, and take the advice of your mothers. Be sure to cultivate the traits of character which all true men adore. Modesty stands first; gentleness, next; thoughtfulness for the comfort and pleasure of others, next; kindness, next; and so on down the line. If you get a chance, study art and music; and while you sweep the piano keys, don't forget to learn how to sweep with the broom; while you paint pictures, don't forget to learn to

make pies. Know ye that the road to a man's heart leads through his stomach, and the path to his soul leads through his eyes. If you would reach both, you must have tidy rooms and an inviting table. If you want to be loved (and you do), be lovable. It won't do to be "perfectly lovely" one day, and

perfectly hateful the next. There is nothing so beautiful as an even temper, provided it is a good temper. One good, sweet, Christian woman in a neighborhood is worth more to that community than fiftytwo sermons, for she is a living sermon the year round.

The world cannot do without you, girls; but before it claims you, let

me whisper a The road to a man's heart is through his word in your

ears. Have all the fun you can. Giggle and laugh as much as you please. Dance, and skip, and romp, and hop until your heart goes "flippity flop," and the blood eddies in your cheeks like the roses

that bloom in the spring tra la. Extract every drop of sweetness out of every passing hour. Sleep and dream, and wake and dream again. Be happy now, for the clouds of sorrow will lower some day, and some day the troubles of real life will come.

Yours truly,

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

No. 5. TO THE BACHELOR.

"Robin's Roost," Johnson City, Tenn., March 15, 1899.

Y Dear Old Solitary:

Who mends your socks? Do you sew on your own buttons? How long does it take you to thread the needle? Why don't you brush the cobwebs out of your soul, and straighten up, and get a good wife to do all of these things for you? What pleasure do

you find in playing the game of solitaire? Hearts are trumps, and you cannot play a happy game in this world without a partner. It is not good that man should live alone. The world owes you a rib, and you ought to have your old ribs cracked if you don't collect the debt.

Why don't you rig up your matrimonial tackle, old boy, and go angling for a "frau?" Your old pantaloons look mighty lonesome hanging there in that dusty wardrobe without some calico to keep them company. Your room is a poor paradise without a fair Eve to adorn it. I know what is the matter with you: you are afraid of grocery bills, and dry goods bills, and doctor bills, and curtain lectures, and the overthrow of your independence and freedom of speech, or else you are afraid to

"pop the question," and thus lose many a golden opportunity by simply looking at her and grinning like a basketful of 'possum heads. Perhaps you have "popped the question" and got "No" for an answer, but remember that "there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught," and remember that she is somewhere in this wide, wide world "waiting for thee, darling."

Comb the feathers out of your whiskers, and put a little bear's oil on your hair, if you have any hair, and spruce up. Don't expect her to court you, but do the courting yourself. Press your suit gradually; and when you see she is determined to "kick," "kick" first, for then is the time above all other times to show your independence. A true woman loves an independent man next to money.

Are you accumulating a fortune? If so, for whom? Did you never hear "Private" John Allen's story of the division of an old bachelor's estate? When they were dividing it out among his kinsfolk, one disgruntled relative felt that he hadn't received his just proportion, and complainingly said: "I sometimes wish the old man hadn't died."

If you are poor, you need a good woman to help you get rich; if you are rich, you need a good woman to help you get poor. In either case she is a success.

For a man to pass through this world without a helpmeet is a strange philosophy to me; and yet I have seen men with as noble hearts as ever throbbed, full of splendid sentiment, and in love with the beautiful, live out their days in single wretchedness.

Bachelerdom is a habit; the longer indulged in,

the harder to break, until its victim is so infatuated with it that it seems impossible to quit. He becomes "sot" in his ways; and all the frills, and bangs, and bustles, and gaudy shirt waists, and flowered and feathered hats which the milliner's art can fashion, and all the bewitching glances and persuasive smiles which beauty can bestow move him not; neither do they unmove him.

One of the attendant misfortunes of a bachelor is absentmindedness. I once heard of an absentminded bachelor who bought a pair of new gloves,



She is somewhere in this wide, wide world "waitling for thee, darling."

and went home with them and astonished his nephews and nieces by throwing the gloves in the fire and spitting on the bed. Of course he intended to spit in the fire and throw his gloves on the bed. The best way to cure absent-mindedness is to get a live, wide-awake, talking wife, whose tongue will be a constant reminder to you, and soon teach you to think the right way.

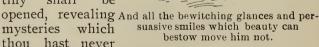
If all men should follow your plan of life, what would become of society and civilization? All the homes

that now glow with the light of love and ring with the laughter and song of children would soon be transformed into the silent and sour domiciles of old maids and just such old things as you. I do not mean to speak harshly or to wound your feelings, but only to show you the error of your way If you would enjoy life, you must have a happy home; and if you would have a happy home, it must glow with happy smiles and ring with happy voices; and happy hands must keep it neat and clean and plant flowers at the door.

"Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.
Home—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing through the heaven above us.
Home is where there's one to love;
Home is where there's one to love us:

I have no doubt you will turn up your nose and charge me with sentimentality. I plead guilty to the soft impeachment. I am sentimental, and I have but little respect for the man who is not. It is the soul of religion and patriotism; it is the life-blood of all good society; it is the essence of love. Every soul that ever found its way from earth to heaven was wafted there on the wings of sentiment; every brave spirit who ever faced death for his country was led by sentiment to the battlefield; every beautiful picture is a sentiment reflected from the heart on the canvas; and every creation of the sculptor's chisel is the silent image of a sentiment. What power is it which leads the bride and groom to the altar to seal their vows? It is the pure sentiment of love. What is it which makes home and life and the world beautiful? It is sentiment. What are the flowers but the fragrant sentiments of God? What are the brawling brooks and rippling rivers but the laughter and song of the waters? What are laughter and song but sentiment?

My wifeless friend, somewhere in thy heart there is an angel sentiment sleeping. appeal to you, in the name of religion, and patriotism, and society, and love, to wake it, and let it fly out in search of its kindred sentiment; and it will not be long until broadcloth and white swiss shall float down the aisle of the crowded church together, and a new book of thy destiny shall - be



dreamed of before. Loneliness will quit thee there, and thou shalt walk in sentiment and newness of life.

Behold the widower, with his pink bald head, his wrinkles, and his rheumatism!

He wires in and wires out. And leaves the ladies all in doubt As to what is his age, what he is worth, And whether or not he owns the earth. He is the most popular man of any age who moves in society. Always light-hearted and gay, he knows all the nigh cuts to the hearts of the fair. He is the beautifulest ant in the sugar bowl, and always gets his share of the sugar; he is the swiftest old colt on the turf of love; he leaves you at the first quarter post; he passes the swellest of the swell in the first half mile, and comes in on the home stretch with his nozzle over the moon and his tail over the stars, a winner in a walk. His power lies in sentiment.

You are as good-looking as he, and are endowed with as much good sense. Why don't you study him and learn the art of courting? It is the law of nature that all life shall mate, therefore you are disobeying the law of nature. I think nature is wiser than you, and you ought to think so, too; and now that the beautiful springtime has come, follow the example of "Bob White," and begin to whistle for your mate. It will soon be time for the billing and cooing of the doves. Bill and coo ye.

Longfellow was not only a poet, but a philosopher, when he said:

As unto the bow the cord is, So unto the man is woman; Though she bends him, she obeys him; Though she draws him, yet she follows; Useless each without the other,



Always light-hearted and gay, he knows all the nigh cuts to the hearts of the fair.

I am sure you need a little bending, as well as some mending and some-body to follow you, especially when you are out late at night. I am equally sure that you are useless without the other

Couple up, get your mate, claim your bride, and begin to live. In the delightful cotillion of married life, give your partner your right hand and swing halfway

round. Swing, swing, swing! Yours in the swing,

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

No. 6. TO THE DRUMMERS.

EN ROUTE, April 10, 1899.

Y Dear Fellow-travelers: It is said that birds of a feather flock together. I am glad to be once more able to put on the plumage of a "traveling man," and to flock with the commercial nightingales again. What am I but a drummer? You sing in your flight of things to eat and things to wear; I sing of "the stuff that dreams are made of." You sell soap; I peddle sentiment. You deal in dry goods; I deal in notions, but some-

times my goods are dry. You carry hardware; I use a few augers in my trade. You worry the flesh; I crucify the spirit. Your wares are "of the earth, earthy;" mine are of the wind, windy."

So here we drummers go, drumming and humming, and loving and laughing and singing.

Puffing and blowing, Fiddling and bowing, Sampling and showing, Hearts overflowing, Going, going, going—gone! We are always gone, but our "goneness" is beneficial to our families in more ways than one. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and thus our wives and children and sweethearts have fewer opportunities to view our unenchantments. It is the only way we have to keep the loom of love in motion with a little New York Exchange about once a month, and we always receive blessings and

benedictions in exchange for "the aforesaid and the same." There is nothing so necessary to the comfort of a family as cash. It has been thoroughly demonstrated by actual experience that our loved ones can do without us better than they can do without cash; and, besides, we are never at home to "bother 'em." There is another good thing in this "goneness" —we are at work. There is no doubt but that "an



idle brain is the devil's workshop," and it might be added that idle hands are his drummers. But the real, genuine drummers are the gray matter of commerce, the nerve of trade; they are the active principle of business; their industry and energy shut the devil out of their brains and bring the angels of happiness to many a heart and many a home. They are the song birds of civilization, the carrier doves of peace and groceries and general furnishing goods; they are the honeybees of thrift,

and the merchants are their buttercups and clover blossoms; they are the angels of comfort and joy, and they carry in their gripsacks samples of all the seasons.

If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from marble my ideal of progress. I would make it the form and figure of a drummer with his gripsack in his hand—"loaded for bear."

I once heard a man sneer at the drummers, and I said to him: "Sir, what are we all, in every profession and vocation of life, but drummers?" The politician drums for votes with the drumstick of the American eagle; the preacher drums for souls with hallelujahs and the beautiful story of love, the farmer drums the earth and his lazy mule for bread, the lawyer drums the jury for his fees, the doctor drums for health, the railroad drums for passengers, the hotel drums for guests, the lecturer drums "just for fun," and the devil drums us all. The best drummer is the preacher, the best-dressed drummer is the drummer, and the best-looking drummer is the lecturer.

I have known men to drum for business colleges, which are splendid institutions to curtail the volume of "Old Nick's" trade. I do not think that young men were ever *drawn* by a drummer into a better business than *Draughon's* Business College; for the foundation of a successful business life is a thorough knowledge of practical business methods.

There is another class of drummers which I was about to forget; they are the editors who drum for hides and scalps. I am especially indebted to this peculiar class of drummers for my bald head, but—thank the Lord—I still have some of my hide left; and yet, when I leave the field of politics and

come out on the road with the sure enough-drummers, the editors always drum for me and fill my life with happiness until I forget my political wounds and love the quill drivers still.

But, returning to the smiling subject of this epistle, I wish to say all the good things I can for the drummers, because they deserve much more than they ever receive. They are the thermometers of prosperity and depression. When I see the

drummers busy in the day and laughing in the hotels at night, and smoking and spinning yarns, I know that times are good and money is in circulation, and that the country is in good condition; but when I see the drummers droop and look sour and talk sour; when I see them but few and far between on the road, then I know that money is scarce and that hard times hangs like a pall of gloom over the land. The best sign of prosperity



which I have seen lately is the fact that, with the return of the robins and bluebirds, the drummers are swarming like bumblebees among the fragrant bloom of springtime; and I am swarming with them, and receiving my share of the honey.

The drummer watches the brow of the merchant. If it is dark and cloudy, he knows that his prospect for a big sale is bad. In my trade, I watch for the brow of the skies; and if it is dark and cloudy, I feel very sad. There is nothing which gives the lecturer the nightmare so surely and completely as a rainy night; there is nothing that kills a drummer so dead as a drought; and thus

"This world goes roun' and roun'," Sometimes we're up. sometimes we're down,

but I feel sure that we get along about as well as other folks. Human life, both high and low, is a game of seesaw from the cradle to the grave. The best thing for a drummer to do is to be contented with his lot until he finds the gap down leading to a better lot; the best way to find the gap down is to hunt for it; the best way to hunt for it is to work and think, and save a little of what you get each month. The first speech my mother ever taught me was this:

Little drops of water, little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean and the beautiful land.

Save your sand, boys, and bottle up some of your silver dewdrops for the future, for "there'll come a time some day" when you will need both. The more you save, the sooner you can find rest and happiness; and isn't this, after all, your dream? If I could look into every drummer's heart, I would find one hope blossoming there cherished above all others; it is for the day when he may no longer carry the gripsack. One of the sweetest things that Byron ever said was this:

'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Yours truly,

ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

NO. 7. TO THE FIDDLERS.



"They were the 'Paganinis' of the Mountains."

EN ROUTE, April 24, 1899.

My Dear Fellow-sawyers:

Experience teaches us that first impressions are the more lasting. Next to the impressions which I received from a dogwood sprout or twig of a weeping willow, when I was a barefooted boy, are the impressions which were made upon my young mind and heart by the fiddlers. The tunes they used to play got tangled in my memory and they are just as vivid there to-day as are the faces I used to know and the incidents and happenings of the

happy days gone by.

I can see Polk Scott and Sam Rowe just as plainly now as I actually saw them when I was a ten-year-old lad at the old log schoolhouse that stood by the bubbling spring. They played at the "exhibition" at the close of our school; and I have never heard any sweeter music since. Sam's big brown whiskers rolled and tumbled in ecstacy on his fiddle, as he rocked to and fro, with half-closed eyes, and, with whizzing bow, reveled in the third heaven of "Arkansas Traveler." Polk's black mustache swayed and flopped like a raven's wings, as he soared amid the grandeurs of "Natchez Under the Hill."

They were the "Paganinis" of the mountains; they were the "Ole Bulls" of our humble society; they were the royal "Remenyis" of our rural, rollicking festivities; they were big-hearted and genial; they were noble fellows, and so are all fiddlers to this good day. Their melodies were the echoes of nature's sweet voices. In every sweep of the bow there was the drumming of a pheasant or the cackle of a hen or the call of Bob White or the trill of a thrush. Sometimes I could hear a whippoor-will sing; sometimes a wild goose quack, and a panther yell; now and then the cats would fight, and the music was always mellow with "moon-shine."

When I grew a little larger I used to slip out from under the smiling roof of "home, sweet home," and cut the pigeon wing with the rosy-cheeked mountain girls, until it seemed that my very soul was in my heels. I still have fond recollections of every fiddler who played at the old-time country dance; and when I hear those sweet old tunes, even now it is difficult for me to keep my soul above my socks.

So far as I am concerned, I am a worshipper at the shrine of music. The classics of Mozart and Mendelssohn are grand and glorious to me, but I cannot be persuaded to turn my back on the classics of the plain country fiddlers. The old country tunes were handed down from the days of the Revolution, and every one of them breathes the spirit of liberty; every old jig is an echo from the flintrock rifles and shrill fifes of Bunker Hill; every "hornpipe" is a refrain from King's Mountain; "Old Granny Rattletrap" is a Declaration of Independence; "Jennie, Put the Kittle On," boils over with freedom; "Jaybird Settin' on a Swingin' Limb" was George Washington's "favoright;" and "Gray Eagle" was Thomas Jefferson's masterpiece; "Leather Breeches" was the Marseilles hymn of the old heroes who lived in the days of Davy Crockett.

No wonder the fiddlers are so patriotic and brave. I never saw a real, genuine fiddler who would not

fight; but, mind you, I have quit fiddling.

When I grew large enough to cast sheep's eyes at the girls, when love began to tickle my heart and the blood of the violets got into my veins, I began to draw the bow across the vibrant strings of the fiddle to give vent to my feelings, and I poured my spirit out through my fingers by the bucketful. I swapped spirit for smiles at the ratio of sixteen

to one; I exchanged clogs for compliments, and jigs for sighs and sentimental exclamations. No ordinary mortal ever felt the raptures of a fiddler; the fiddle is his bride, and the honeymoon lasts forever.

I fiddled and I fiddled, until youth blossomed into manhood, and still I fiddled and I fiddled. Politicians sneered at me as a fiddler; but the girls said it was no harm, and the boys voted while I fiddled, and the fiddle won. There is always some old sour and tuneless hypocrite abusing and denouncing "us fiddlers." I have heard them say that they never saw a fiddler who was "any account," and I have known good men who sincerely believed that fiddlers were dangerous to communities. There never was a greater error of opinion. There is no more harm in wiggling the fingers than there is in wagging the tongue, and there is a great deal more religion in a good, law-abiding fiddle than there is in some folks who outlaw that divine instrument. There is infinitely more music in it than there is in some hymns I have heard sung by old dyspeptics who denounce it. Music is music, whether it be the laughter and song of the fiddle or the melodies of the human voice; music is the hallelujah of the soul, whether it comes through fiddlestrings or vocal chords, Happy is the home in which fiddles and fiddlers dwell, and nearest to heaven is the church where fiddlers and singers blend their music in hymns of praise to Almighty God.

I have heard cultivated musicians laugh at the country fiddler, and call his tunes "rag music;" but the law of compensation governs in this realm, as well as in every other, for the country fiddlers

laugh just as heartily at the sublimest efforts of high class musicians. Neither can understand the other. To the noteless and untutored fiddler the grandest efforts of the greatest orchestra are the senseless hieroglyphics of sound; to the cultured ear the simple melodies which dance out from the bosom of the fiddle and the soul of the fiddler are but the ridiculous buzzings of bumble bee discord.

But there is no reason why the virtuoso and the fiddler should fall out. Let the nightingale sing in his realm, and let the cricket sing in his. We will all play together on golden fiddles in the

"sweet by and by." Yours truly,

ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

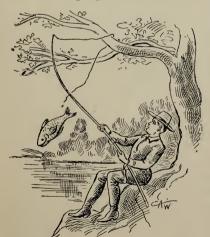
No. s. TO THE FISHERMEN.

EN ROUTE, May 8, 1899.

Dear Brethren:

The blissful days of spring have come, The gladdest of the year, Of purpling hills and fragrant bloom, And rivers bright and clear.

The banks of the brooks are green; the boughs of the trees bend down; the trout are fluttering in the streams below, and the birds are nesting above. The bees are humming among the flowers; the forests are singing; the waters are laughing, and all



the world is radiant with joy. Love rides on every passing breeze and lurks in every flower.

It is nature's sweet resurrection and beauty reigns supreme.

What a glorious time to resurrect the fishing tackle from its dusty tomb in the lumber room, and the red worm from

his slimy sepulcher under the sod, and to impale him on the hook and send him diving after suckers! What a glorious time to camp and frolic on the margin of the frolicking stream, with skillets and lard, and streaked and striped country bacon, and plenty of onions and corn bread, and good butter and eggs, and fiddles to play, and "niggers" for cooks; big fat trout frying in the pan, black coffee simmering in the pot, and "snake medicine" in the "chist!" It is the Eden of the seasons; it is the heaven of life.

What a joy to linger by the fishing hole, And lazily hold your fishing pole,

and wait for the fish to bite! What a delightful thrill is the thrill of a nibble! And when you hook a two-pound bass and eagerly undertake to land him high and dry, what beautiful thoughts pass through your brain and what eloquent figures of speech escape from your lips when your line gets tangled among the limbs ten feet above your head, and you see your fluttering prize dangle for a moment in the air, and then, with a farewell flounce, bid you good evening as he drops back into the water and darts away like an arrow! This is a splendid illustration of the feelings of a candidate for political office who is sure of his election. He sees victory dangling for a moment in the air, and then, with a farewell flounce, it gets away from him, and there is "weeping and gnashing of teeth." Fishing is the greatest sport in the world. There

Fishing is the greatest sport in the world. There is nothing so exhilarating to the nervous system as the shock of a "jerk," and there is nothing so relaxing as the sight of a vanishing perch with your broken hook in his mouth. There is also a great deal of relaxation in sitting on a snag five hours with bated breath and baited hook waiting for an ex-

hilaration which never comes. I have known gentlemen to engage in this sort of relaxation all day long, and save their reputation as fishermen only by buying a string of the finny tribe from some old dusky wizard of the piscatorial art, and then swearing in camp that they did it "with their little red worms." This is another illustration of the success of some statesmen.



The ultimathule of happiness is the sweet expectancy of a laughing and yarning gang of fishermen advancing to the fishing ground in the morning with buckets full of minnows, and handsfull of tackle and pockets full of cigars and tobacco and "sich like."

Poets may sing of banquets in gilded halls where all the mingled sweets of the culinary art are heaped upon the table, and where fairies glint like speckled trout in the crimson depths of wine, and painted devils dance in the amber floods of "corn" and "rye;" but give me a fisherman's lunch and a fisherman's appetite beneath the spreading tree down by the riverside in the deep-tangled wildwood, where the waters murmur at my feet and birds make music all the day. Let the red-nosed revelers sip their wine and

chuckle over the triumph of their trusts and combines, but give me a drink of sparkling water from the cold mountain spring and liberty among the hills. Let the men of millions have their pleasure in their palaces; I envy them not; let them pass the gilded hours bowing and scraping on velvet carpets and lolling on silken sofas; but give me the pleasure of the reel and line, and let me bow and scrape on nature's rich carpet of green, among the redbuds and honey-suckles, and loll on the mosscovered logs amid violets and bluebells near the bend of the river, where the cranes bow and scrape to the tadpoles, and the bullfrog sings his sweetest song. Let historians tell of the glory of heroes bringing home their spoils from conquered lands, but give me a triumphal march to my own happy home with a beautiful string of fish. The hero will roll and tumble at night with horrible dreams of blood and death, but I will sleep like a baby, and dream of trout four feet long.

Did you ever hear the old story of the family of five brothers who lived in a cabin? The only sleeping arrangements they had were two quilts; they all slept together on one, and covered with the other, and in the night when one wished to turn over he shouted "spoon" to the rest, and they all turned at once. One day one of the boys went to the river to shoot fish; he climbed a tree on the bank and crawled out on a limb over the stream and lay there looking down and watching for a scaly victim to shoot at; but his position was so comfortable that he went to sleep, and a mischievous fellow passing by, knowing the habit of the family, shouted "spoon" at the top of his voice; the sleeping fisherman immediately whirled over and fell

ten feet splashing into the water. The best way to insure a string of fish is to keep wide awake when you are fishing.

I used to hear another story of a crowd of jolly fishermen who went into a camp in the heart of a wilderness. A solemn agreement was entered into to the effect that each one of the party should take his turn cooking, and it was further agreed that the first man who complained of the quality of the



cooking should be compelled to cook throughout the remainder of the outing or be expelled from the camp; none of the party knew anything about cooking, and finally one day when the "rashens" were in bad shape, there was nothing but some rusty bacon and

wilted beans for dinner. All of the party ate and made faces, but one of them suddenly forgot and said: "These are the nastiest beans I ever tasted, but I like 'em." The last clause saved him.

I have seen this sort of thing occur in politics many a time; it very frequently happens that the people have to swallow unsavory things and preserve their party loyalty by protesting that they "like 'em."

The best medicine for nervous strain and overwork is a fishing rod and plenty of bait. The

world has gone mad on the subject of money getting and glory winning. I love the clink of the dollar myself, but only for what it will buy, and to help "some shipwrecked and forlorn brother;" I like a little tinge of glory, too, but not at the expense of the happiness of others. I would rather catch a fish than get a dollar any day; I would rather be a live fisherman than a dead Cæsar: I would rather wade in water than to wade in blood; I would rather wage war on fish than on the Philippines: I would rather have a fisherman's luck than to be the commander of the late Spanish navy; therefore I beseech you, brethren, to be steadfast and abide in peace and your gum boots. It is my intention to join you soon. I have been fishing for suckers all the spring; I now propose to catch some trout. Keep a place for me in the tent and save me a seat on the rock; don't catch all the fish before I get there.

Trust in the Lord and keep your feet dry, if pos-

sible; don't swear, or you will catch no fish.

Yours while the fish swim and the waters flow, ROBT, L. TAYLOR.

No. 9. TO THE MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Your Majesties:



HAVE always had great charity for the mistakes of Adam, because he had no mother-in-law to curb him. If she had been there, the forbidden fruit would not All the have been eaten. world would now be paradise; the women would still be dressing in sunshine, and the men would still be clad in climate. All the ills we now endure are the fruits of sin; all sin is the outgrowth of the

first transgression, and the first transgression was committed because there was no mother-in-law in Eden to forbid it. Satan would have kept his distance if Adam had been a son-in-law; and even after man had fallen, the Lord saw that he was prone to fall still lower, and so he provided the third person, singular, and named her "mother-in-law," to be his guardian angel and watch him day and night. But it has been the habit of malicious men from time immemorial to speak disrespectfully of the dear old spectacled angels and to refer to them as the embodiment of tyranny and the personification of terror.

I once heard of a man who said that his princi-

pal possessions in this world were an appetite and a mother-in-law, and that he had never been able to satisfy either.

A crowd of boys dragged a cannon down to the river one Fourth of July and began to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence



by firing across the stream. A man came running, with his hat off and his hair floating in the air, shouting at the top of his voice: "Stop shooting, boys; for the Lord's sake, stop shooting!" "What do you wish us to stop shooting for?" asked the

boys; and, with a voice trembling with fear, he shouted back to them: "My mother-in-law got drowned there yesterday, and I am afraid you will raise her."

I have frequently heard it said of sad and subdued-looking men, as I have passed along in life, that they were suffering with a bad case of motherin-law. It has come to pass almost everywhere that if the maternal ancestor of the wife even suggests to the husband in the tenderest tones of voice and the most affectionate language that he ought not to do a thing, he is sure to do it, out of fear of public opinion; or if she urges him to do a thing, he leaves it undone to prove to the world that he is not "bossed" by his mother-in-law. All this abuse and all these vicious attacks on the mothers of our wives are mean and contemptible, and a direct reflection upon our wives themselves. The sweetest and purest and best woman I ever saw, except my mother and my wife, is my mother-inlaw. Her life has been a sacrifice to the comfort and happiness of her children, and so it is with most mothers-in-law. In nine cases out of ten it could be appropriately and truthfully said that she is suffering from a bad case of son-in-law. If a man is unkind, or even neglectful of his wife, he is pretty sure to hear from the mother-in-law; that is right. If he fails to provide for his family, she has a right to look at him over the top of her spectacles and make the king's English crack like a cowhide around his ears; if he wantonly spends his evenings away from his own fireside and comes home with snakes in his boots, she has a right to "stick her nose in his business" and her fists in

his face, and it is her divine right to "lay down the law" to him.

I think it a glorious thing for society that weak-minded and guilty men are afraid of their mothers-in-law. Otherwise, many a home would be turned into Hades, and many a sweet and gentle spirit would be crushed; many a family of little children would suffer, and many a son-in-law" who now walks in "the straight and narrow path" would be a worthless vagabond in the gutters and the slums of earth.

The mother-in-law is the conservator of the peace, and not its disturber, as many bad men would make it appear. She is the Goddess of Liberty enlightening the little world within the four walls of home; she is the Minerva of the hearth-stone; Jove is enthroned upon her brow, and the Furies sleep in her eyes. Woe betide the son-in-law who trangresses the law of Jove! for then the righteous Furies wake and leap like forked lightnings into the face of the transgressor, and he is left in the condition of the man who went out West. News came back to his father: "Your son is dead." The old man telegraphed immediately, "Send me his remains;" and received this reply: "They hain't no remains; a cyclone struck him."

But to the man who does his faithful duty to his family, his country, and his God, the mother-inlaw is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." She nurses his children and cares for them, she stays with them at night while he and his wife are at the party; she nurses him when he is sick and makes him swallow his medicine on time, and cuts off all communication with the outside world till he is well again. If his creditors become too numerous and annoying, she stands guard at the door and hedges it about with fire and brimstone. She is the corner-stone of the church and the leader of the "Ladies' Aid Society;" she is the president of the "Busy Bees" and the recording secretary of the "Daughters of the Revolution;" she is the grand regent of the "Daughters of the



Confederacy" and the sponsor of the "Grand Army of the Republic;" she presides over all sewing circles and knits socks for the circuit riders; she is the secretary of war in every neighborhood and the commander in chief in every home; she is the foundation of civilized society, for society

could not exist without families, and there could be no legitimate family without a mother-in-law; she is the grandmother of orators, poets, scholars, heroes, and statesmen. Then let us cherish our mother-in-law and be tender with her; let every husband fall at her feet and shout: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Let us give her praise and honor and glory, for in dealing with her "discretion is the better part of valor."

My advice to every bachelor is to get a motherin-law; and to every widower, to get two mothersin-law. Take up the white man's burden, old boys; take up the white man's burden; join the happy band of benedicts and learn to sing sweet

lullabies and "Home, Sweet Home."

God pity the homeless and childless and mother-in-lawless man! He does not know what the twining of tender arms means; he has never felt that rapture which fills the heart of the father and husband and son-in-law when he crosses the threshold of home and hears the sweet voices of welcome there. The laughter and song of little children, blood of his blood and flesh of his flesh, have never been tangled with his life. He is a living disappointment, and his very existence has soured on his stomach.

No man is safe on this tide of life without a mother-in-law.

Dear old guardians of our wives and our homes, with uncovered head I bow to you, and subscribe myself, sincerely and faithfully,

One of your sons-in-law,
ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

No. 10. TO THE CANDIDATE.

EN ROUTE, June 12, 1899.

EAR CHILDREN OF

HOPE:

You have my sincere commiseration and tender sympathy.

Thorns are hid among the flowers, Along the path you tread, Thorns are in the passing hours, And thorny is your bed

You are "in the hands of your friends," and they are quietly working up your boom. Like Cæsar, you

are swearing you don't want the crown, but you smile graciously on your Antonies, who are offering it. The more you refuse, the more they press you to receive it and save your country from wreck and ruin. You are nervous and reticent: you fear the daggers of Brutus and Cassius. While your friends are tossing their hats in the air and shouting, "Vive la Candidate!" the low and vulgar are "tellin' a pack of tales" on you. They whisper around that you are weak in the upper story; that you are not altogether "the clean thing sweetened;" that you are deceitful and totally unreliable; they call you "hog" and "buzzard" and "mangy cur;" the newspapers skin you from head to foot, and the little whipper-snapper politicians make carrion of your good name. You dare not defend yourself,



"You must not wince when some enthusiastic fool grasps you by the hand and twists and squeezes it until you can hear the bones pop."

lest you be branded as a bully. All you can do is to smile and fight, not with gnns, but with wind. There are "sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers" before you, dear candidate. Millions of churches just completed need new bells, and the committee will soon wait on you for a donation, and you must "ante up" the "dough;" there are also millions of church organs unpaid for, and of course the candidate must bear his share of the burden; book agents will darken your horizon, and it is your duty to carry a fountain pen to facilitate subscription work; campaign borrowers will haunt you, softly whispering in your ear: "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer." You must be ready to go security and sign every kind of bond for "your friends;" you must not wince when some enthusiastic fool grasps you by the hand and twists it and squeezes it until you can hear the bones pop; you must go into ecstacies of laughter when your intoxicated fellow-citizen stops you on the street and puts his arm around your neck and blows your ear full of corn whisky and tobacco juice, while he whispers to you a silly yarn which he has told you a dozen times before; you must provide yourself with Sunday-school speeches, picnic addresses, commencement orations, Fourth of July pyrotechnics, flaming eulogies on Thomas Jefferson, after-dinner talks at dollar banquets, apostrophes to "The Press," extemporaneous speeches for conventions, tributes to music, flights of eloquence on the influence of women, bouquet acceptances, and side-splitting anecdotes for men only; you must have all these on your tongue—yea, verily, at its very end; you must carry an affidavit face, and when you tell political lies, do it with a clear conscience, else the

muddy look in your eyes will convict you. The greatest blessing in politics is to possess the hide of a rhinoceros, thorn-proof and dagger-defying; and if you have a kind heart, encase it with steel and hedge it around with frowns and dignity. There is nothing like dignity as a protection to the candidate who has no brains. Throw sympathy to the dogs, if you would be "great;" it is looked upon by politicians as a sign of weakness; and if you have gratitude in your heart, strangle it, for the word "gratitude" is not in the "bright lexicon" of politics. Stern old Andrew Johnson drove center when he said: "Gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come." When James G. Blaine was told that a certain prominent gentleman was opposing him in his canvass, he said, with a twinkle in his eye: "I am surprised to hear that, for I cannot remember that I ever did him a favor." But I think Mr. Blaine went a little too far, because when I was in politics I found in my humble career many men who appreciated honors conferred upon them, and who have been as true and faithful and kind to me in the evening as they were in the morning; and vet in my little sphere I have had my little Brutuses.

Of course somebody has to save the country, and it might as well be you as any other patriot. I saved it for twenty years, but I now respectfully decline to save it any longer—mind you, I am not playing Cæsar; I am only an humble citizen. In my State we have both Cæsar and Pompey, but I cannot prophesy whether it will be the red or the bald which will roll from the block. It is likely they will profit by the history of Rome and divide the empire and its glory.

There are many grave and vital questions which are now confronting the American people, and our candidates will be called upon to speak out upon them all, and the people must speak at the ballot box or liberty will perish among its worshipers. The day is rapidly approaching when there will not be a drummer on the road. Hundreds of thousands of good men who are now making an honest living by honest work will soon be thrown out of employment, because the trusts are localizing business: hundreds of thousands of laborers will be laid off, because the trusts are crushing the small manufacturers; thousands of merchants now in the jobbing business will soon wake up without a job. because the trusts will order the retail merchants to buy directly from the manufacturers. of the serpent is tightening. The day will soon dawn when no man will dare to enter politics who does not wear the collar of a trust; and the trusts will not only control business, but politics, in this land of liberty. The trust will manage all campaigns, and the candidate will be absolutely independent of the people. All he will have to do when elected will be to draw his salary and shout: "Long live the trusts!" Our country is looking for candidates of courage to-day—men who will dare to sever the head of the serpent from its body, men upon whom the people can rely and upon whose shoulders must rest the duty of saving the republic. I hope you will prove yourself the man we are looking for.

Very truly, your fellow-citizen,

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

TO THE SWEETHEARTS.

"Robin's Roost," Johnson City, Tenn.,
June 24, 1899.

EAR SWEETHEARTS:



I wish that life might always be as sweet to you as it is to-day, and that the world might ever be as bright and beautiful. For you the flowers are in full bloom, and the air is burdened with songs for your delight. Laughter is on your lips, and love gladdens your hearts and fills them with emotions which

no tongue can express. To you every grove is a paradise on earth, and every grapevine swing is a sylvan chariot. To you the humming birds and butterflies are the cherubim and seraphim of the meadows. All the springs that bubble among the purple hills, and all the brooks that leap over the rocks and eddy among the shadows, sing to you of love. All things material become spiritual, and you live in the bright world of fancy where rivers of dreams flow through phantom landscapes of ineffable beauty. In this bright realm there is only room for two—two sweethearts hand in hand and heart to heart, two souls with but a single thought. No intruders are welcome there; solitude-

and silence are to you "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Every smile is a seventh heaven, every loving look a glimpse of immortality, and every moment an eternity of happiness.

I wish I could tell you how you feel. I know, but cannot express it. You rise from your slumbers in the morning and feel sick, but it is a differ-



He is the "Hal," and she is the "Lucy."

ent kind of sickness from any you ever experienced; you are sick, but it is a sort of sweet flutter about your heart, and a sweet, sickening, honey-like aching of your brain. It is an indefinable wish which makes you nervous and absent-minded. Your soul is constantly slopping over with poetic thoughts which you cannot imprison within the narrow confines of human language; your heart is a poplar blossom of emotions, and your head is a beehive of sweet thoughts; your appetite has deserted you, and you are "pale around the gills;" your spirit feels a lasso around its neck, which draws you out through the gate and down under the trees to the spot where you have met each other

a thousand times. Now you are happy; not a wave of trouble rolls across your peaceful breast; and "that's what's the matter with Hannah," and that's what's the matter with Hiram. It is a delightful spell of hallucination. He is the "Hal,"



For you the flowers are in full bloom.

and she is the "Lucy;" and when "Hal" meets "Lucy" what else could there be but hallucination? To his eyes her ribbons are streaks of light,

and to his ears the "swish" of her skirt is like unto the rustling of angel's wings. To her the fuzz on his upper lip is a poem, and his bestudded shirt front and high-standing collar cover a multitude of sins. To him she is a bundle of sweetness; to her he is a beegum of honey. To him earth is a clover blossom; to her the stars are a bunch of daisies. To both all nature is heaven, and all of life is to-morrow.

Dream on, O sweet sweethearts! Dream in the leafy bowers of youth; dream in the moonlight of romance; dream in the sunshine of sentiment in the fruited and flowered gardens of exuberant young life. Dream while yet you dwell among the opium-scented poppies of love in the careless, happy realm of sweethearts. Dream on, nor seek to wake too soon; for the flowers will shed their bloom at your feet, the leaves will wither and fall around you, and the spring and summer of love's young dream will soon pass away. The ideal will melt into the real; the daisies and clover blossoms will soon be hay, and the silked and taseled corn will soon turn to fodder and "roas'n' ears." Where now the happy twain are wont to stroll, down among the daffodils and pansies, he will soon be strolling between the plowhandles, in the new-made furrow, breathing the sweet aroma of the new-plowed ground, and dreaming of corn dodgers in the fall. She will desert her balcony to bend over the washtub on the back porch, and while she washes his studless and collarless linen, she will sadly sing:

> What peaceful hours I once enjoyed— How sweet their memory still!

The shadows will soon be reversed, and all of life

will be yesterday, except the house rent, and grocery bills, and taxes, which will be due to-morrow. To-day he has red hair and white teeth; to-morrow he will have white hair and no teeth. To-day she has blue eyes and red lips; to-morrow she will have blue lips and red eyes.

Dream on, O sweet sweethearts! Your dreams are now perfumed with joy and tinted with hope; but you will wake to the realities of beefsteak and onions and the struggle for hash. Dream on, and rejoice in the companionship of the linnets and orioles; you will soon prefer the society of your pigs and chickens, and the bleating of your sheep

and billy goats.

Many things which now seem sweet will soon turn sour. You will go out of the ideal into the real. But no matter if the flowers fade and beauty vanishes; no matter if the phantoms of youth take wings, and all its fleeting pleasures evaporate; no matter if cares and troubles come; no matter if your heads turn gray, and the crow's feet gather at the corners of your eyes, and your brows become wrinkled, and your cheeks colorless and your bodies bent; if your love is true love now, you will still be sweethearts as tender and true in the evening of life as you were in its blissful morning, and you will walk arm in arm among the gathering shadows and weave all the sweet memories of youth into the happy twilight song of tottering old age. When love like this dwells in the heart, how sweet and beautiful are the lives of the sweethearts, and what a glorious exemplification of the truth that "life is indeed worth living!"

When I hear a man railing at his wife, or a woman tonguing her husband, I know that sweet-

hearts have turned sour, and I can see the wisdom of God in providing the "tongueless silence of the dreamless dust." I have heard it said that matches are made in heaven, but there is not a word of truth in the saying. Matches are always made on earth. If they were made in heaven, there would never be



In this bright realm these is only room for two.

an ill-matched couple; there would never be an incompatible marriage, there would never be a brutal husband or a brawling wife. There would

be but little of hell on earth. Every home would

be an Eden, and every heart a paradise.

My advice to sweethearts is this: If your tempers clash and your temperaments are not congenial, if you quarrel before you marry, you can set it down as a certainty that you will quarrel, and maybe fight, after marriage; and if you quarrel and fight after marriage, you might as well be in that land "where they never shovel snow." Hell after death

will be nothing new to you.

Find a congenial spirit. If you are in love with your sweetheart only because she is beautiful, you will find that your love will be of "but a few days and full of trouble," for beauty is only skin-deep and soon fades. If you are in love with your sweetheart for symmetry of form and grace of motion, so has the tiger symmetry of form, and it is a very graceful mover. The loveliest specimen of flesh and blood, without a gentle spirit and a lovable soul, is only a "rag and a bone and a hank of hair." Life is elysium to congenial spirits; it is "ehellium" to uncongenial spirits.

Sweethearts choose your partners; and I hope and pray that you may not be disappointed in your

choice.

Good-by, sweethearts, good-by.

Yours lovingly, ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

TO THE SPORTSMEN.

"Robin's Roost," Johnson City, Tenn., July 8, 1899.

Dear Princes of Pleasure:

You are men after my own heart. Next to my wife and children, I love my horses and my dogs; next to the fiddle and the bow, I prize my guns and my fishing rods; and above all associations except those of home, I prefer your society. There is no music like the music of the chase; there is no excitement equal to it. When the wild deer springs from shady copse or tangled covert, and the eager pack open in full cry, you take the "buck ager" and tremble on the stand in the gap of the moun tains. You hear the music rise and fall and fall and rise from hollow to hill and from hill to hollow, like the chiming of distant bells; louder and louder it rises, nearer and nearer it comes; you turn pale and quiver from head to foot; your pulse rises to a hundred and twenty a minute; you hear the quick rustling of leaves a hundred yards away; you catch a glimpse of something bounding by you like a rubber ball; you jump around like a chicken with its head cut off; your arms take the palsy, and you pull the trigger and shoot a hole in the sky. The bellowing hounds go sweeping by you like a whirlwind; you wipe the beads of sweat from your brow, and lie down under the shade of the trees to "cuss" and cool. Then you hear the crack of a Winchester a half mile down the hollow;

the music suddenly hushes; you rise and run; you hear the exultant yell of your companion, and there is venison in camp for supper, and smoking after supper, and lies, and explanations, and excuses; and then there is sleep full of dreams and nightmares and visions of vanishing deer all night long. But the deer hunt is rapidly becoming a thing of

But the deer hunt is rapidly becoming a thing of the past in almost every section of America. We have been no more merciful to the gamest game of



the forest than to the poor Indian; they have gone together to the "happy hunting ground." It is a pity that our lawmakers have so completely and universally neglected to give us wholesome laws for the protection of our game. In their eagerness to protect the cities and towns, they have forgotten the country, both man and beast; and they still continue to forget. Our great forests are disappearing with the Indian and the deer. If our statesmen would give more attention to the protection of timber and game, and less to the upbuilding of privileged classes and the cultivation of trusts,

our people would have more health, wealth and

happiness.

But there is one sly old individual of the forest and field which still lives in spite of the politicians, the world, the flesh, and the devil; and he is the irrepressible and unextinguishable fox, who still continues to dress in his red uniform, and who still delights to play drum major for our velping hounds and for us. Did you never rise from your beds at the break of day, when the frost was on the pumpkin and the air was crisp and cool; and did you never mount your prancing horse and sound your hunter's horn and listen to your howling and whining hounds as they gathered around you, anxious to join in the glorious jubilee; and did you never hear the sound of other horns in the distance, summoning you to the meeting place down at the end of the lane by the skirting woods? Of course you have, and you galloped away with joy; and just when the morning was hanging her banners of purple and gold on the sky, and the forest was throbbing a tribute of welcome to her; just as the glad world was waking with laughter and song, old "Drum" and "Fife" opened on the point of the hill just above you, "Bugle" gave a few quick and shrill yelps, and the hounds huddled and struck the trail. Old "Trombone" led off with a solo, "Queen" chimed in with her E flat cornet, old "Basso" thundered an accompanying blast, and all the band began to play. "Beauty" laughed with her piccolo; "Sport" and "Speck" blew the tenor horns; "Blue" and "Black" and "Tan" played the alto; and there were flutes, and fiddles, and flageolets, and triangles, and tambourines, and tinkling cymbals galore. There were fluttering

hearts and quivering leaves, and the hills fairly shook with the chorus. The wily fox circled and swung around the ridges, and the music circled and swung close at his heels. Joy was unconfined, and the flying melody filled the air like the incense of wild flowers. The echoes caught up the strain and passed it round from cliff to cliff, until the beams of the rising sun danced in the tree tops and swung corners with the shadows below. At ten



o'clock there was a fox skin hanging in your barn, you were eating breakfast at home, and your tired

hounds were panting in the kennel.

Whether it be hunting the deer, or chasing the fox, or shooting out the eye of a squirrel on the highest limb of the tallest tree, or courting the coveys in the fields, or flirting with the fish in the streams, the life of the sportsman is glorious. Nature reveals her charms to him, and he learns to love her more and more for her kindness and her beauty. His memory is not an old, dingy garret full of cobwebs; it is a continent ever fresh and

green with landscapes skirted with cooling woods and traversed with sparkling streams. He is not forever moaning and groaning over a skeleton in his closet; he is shouting after live meat in the forest. He is not dreaming of gold in a little old, dirty, sin-stained, spit-spotted counting-room; but he is dreaming of the antlered buck, or a bear at bay, and listening for the rustle of the wild turkey's wings, and drinking in the melodies of the deep-tangled wildwood. He is not the somnambulist of roast lamb and rich croquettes and frozen eggnog, walking and screaming at midnight in the tenth story of some fashionable hotel, with lace curtains parted and the window up; but he is the wide-awake and yelling follower of the feathered phantoms of the stubble and the specters that crouch and spring in the deep solitudes of the mountains.

Poets mirror nature in their songs, and painters make the canvas glow with its reflected lights and shadows; but the sportsman sees, and hears, and touches the very substance of the poet's song, and walks among the lights and the shadows which in-

spire the painter's dreams.

Next to the chase and the bird hunt, I like the clay pigeon shoot. We have a gun club in our town. They are all good fellows, and I am training them to be pretty good on the wing. My object is to bring these amateurs to such a state of efficiency in the winging art as will enable them to amuse me in a match, and I have strong hopes of success after a season or two of hard work. Some of the young men are very promising; some of them are all promises and no "pro formances." The name of our organization is "The Johnson

City Barn Door Club." The qualifications for membership are that the candidate must be able to hit a barn door and cough up a \$5 bill. We find it difficult to get a quorum. We use the genuine smokeless powder and hitless shot, also breathless pigeons; but we are a little band of busy bees, and propose to some day vanquish the champions of the world.

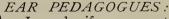
Finally, brethren, these outdoor sports are good for both body and soul. They give us muscle and mental vigor; they broaden our chests and our views of life; they lengthen our days and lighten our troubles. They are far better than our modern society amusements, which womanize man and manize woman.

As I have just received a note from a prominent member of the "Johnson City Barn Door Club" informing me that our treasurer has absconded, and summoning me to the chase, I must hie away to the woods. Farewell.

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

TO THE SCHOOL TEACHERS.

"Robin's Roost," Johnson City, Tenn., July 24, 1899.



I wonder if you are not happy to-day in your peaceful immunity from books, and slates, and chalk, and blackboards, and cold facts and figures, and queries from every grade of intelligence and every shade of curiosity; I wonder if you do not feel like birds just out of a cage—unfettered and

unconfined, with whole firmaments of freedom to

fly in and whole forests of rest to dream in.

Through all the weary months you have been teaching the young idea how to shoot, and I am sure that when the last lesson was recited, and the last sentimental essay was read, and the last oration illuminated the horizon on commencement day, it was a moment of unutterable happiness to you; I am sure that when the college doors closed behind you and you started in search of the old familiar haunt of summer, to swing in grapevine swings and lounge on lazy lawns, you could scarcely restrain the impulse to swing your hats in the air and shout: "Hurrah for Old Vacation!"

The summer outing is the bright oasis in the

life of the professor. It hath groves of recreation and gardens of pleasure; it hath fountains of laughter and brooks of song; it is a breathing spell for the tired spirit; it is a bed of roses for the weary brain. I always feel like bowing with uncovered head in the presence of the school teacher. The stone-cutter chisels the rock from the quarry; the teacher cuts and carves and moulds in the imponderable material of mind and soul. The architect builds the chiseled stone into massive walls and erects mansions for the physical man, but the teacher builds temples of knowledge and palaces of thought. None but the noble and the pure in heart should be allowed to teach, because their works endure forever. Mind touches mind, either

to beautify or to pollute; character touches character, either to adorn or to blacken; soul touches soul, either to bless or to blur.

It is not only the province of the teacher to lead the child in the paths of knowledge, but it is also in his power to inspire honesty and to impress the principles



Teaching the young idea how to shoot.

of truth and virtue. A community blessed with good teachers is sure to be blessed with an enlightened and worthy citizenship.

I think there has been more progress in educa-

tion in the last half a century than in any other realm of endeavor. The standards are higer than the old standards, and the methods are superior to the old methods. Our institutions of learning are working wonders. They are the blossoming of a higher and a better civilization, and on this rock rests the safety of the republic. No country in the world has so rapidly advanced in the building of schoolhouses and in the increase of educational facilities as the South. We have universities not more than a third of a century old which are already the pride of our people and the glory of our country. Our colleges have increased in number and influence; our public schools are spreading everywhere, and it is now only in the most remote and poverty-stricken sections where even poorest children have not the opportunity to taste the sweets of knowledge.

We are in the race for educational supremacy. Our Northern brethren have had about a century



Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

the start of us, and they laugh in our faces and comment on the ignorance of our people. I have seen published in the magazines of the North accounts of plays and novels portraying our murder of the "King's English." Only a little while ago I saw in one of their periodicals the pictures of the actors and actresses who are amusing innocent audiences with a play purporting to represent the il-

literacy of the South. It is the superlative of slander and the acme of assininity. I have lived in the South forty-eight years, and I have never heard the most ignorant person say "we-uns." We have our provincialisms; so has every section its peculiar provincialisms. I have heard Bostonians say: "You hadn't ought to do it." This is no sweeter to the ear than the Southerner's expression: "I've done done it." The Philadelphian says "wat" for "what." This sounds as funny to us as when an illiterate man from a Southern district planks down a broad "which?" when he fails to catch a question propounded to him. Many people right in the shadow of Harvard College say "to hum," which, being translated, means "at home." I might name a long string of "sich," but I "hain't" got time.

I repeat that the North has a hundred years the start of us in this educational race; but I warn them to keep their eyes on the wire and their spurs in the flank, for, as sure the Lord reigneth, the country they laugh at to-day will show them its heels to-morrow; for, in the language of one of our distinguished Southern teachers, "Literature loves a lost cause." There never was a truth more beautifully expressed. Poets have already begun to sing among our broken columns. Oratory still lives to immortalize the deeds of Southern heroes. and to scatter the lilies of love over their graves. Authors will yet rise to write among our monuments and to thrill the great heart of all humankind with the story of the grandest civilization this world ever saw. Historians will wander over our battlefields and sit among our tombstones and write true history of the bravest men who ever lived or died



The South will some day blossom like the rose in art and literature and in all the elements of intellectual as well as material wealth. Then she will clasp hands with an enlightened North, and

the twain shall walk together as one in perfect peace and unity.

There is a glorious field of labor already ripe for our teachers; let them enter it and reap the golden harvest. The clusters are purple in the vineyards; let



Lounging on Lazy Lawns.

them enter and gather for the wine press. The hills of the future are abloom with opportunities; let them climb to the heights and pluck the flowers. We have proved in the past that we have the material out of which statesmen are made; that we have the soil where presidential timber has grown. We have the same sunshine which warmed the hearts of our fathers, and we have the same blood which was shed on a hundred battlefields; and nothing can prevent us from being as mighty in peace as we have been brave in war.

Teachers, take our children and train them for the future. Adieu.

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

TENNESSEE DAY.

Governor Taylor's Speech at the Dallas Fair, Ten nessee Day, October 21, 1897.

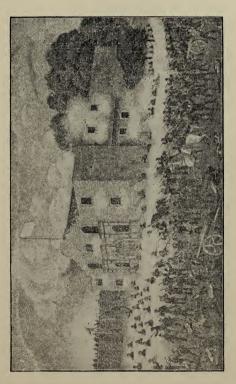
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Did you ever rise from your slumbers early enough to witness the dawn of day, when the morning comes forth from her palace in the sun and unfurls her banner of light on the horizon and hides the morning star in her bosom? That is the emblem of the glory of Texas. How many times have you sat on your veranda in the hush of the dying day and watched the cloudisles of twilight drifting in the seas of sunset gold? That is the symbol of the harvest time in Texas, and the milky way is the shadow on the heaven of her cotton fields, and the angels dip water from her artesian wells with the dipper of stars which hangs on the sky, and the man in the moon is the shining picture of Governor Culberson.

"I have thought many a time that I would make a pilgrimage across Texas from her eastern line to her western boundary, but her domain was too wide and life was too short. The engine always fainted from exhaustion, tarantulas got in the whisky, and I sighed to rest me again in the bosom of Dallas—Dallas, the beautiful butterfly of the Southwest, under whose bright wings the broad prairies bloom with perpetual peace and plenty.

"I can understand why so many longing eyes turn to Texas. and why so many weary hearts sigh for rest in Dallas. One is an empire of glory, and the other is the glory of an empire. Texas is the largest waffle on the griddle of North America. She is sweetened with the honey of happiness pouring from the bunghole of prosperity and buttered with pure Democracy. Woe to the prince or potentate who sticks a fork in Texas! Mexico tried it once and bent double with a spell of San Jacinto.

"The honey of Texas is poison to tyrants, and her bees sting to death the invaders of her soil; but to those who love her and are loyal to the lone star that lights the pathway of her destiny, her cities and towns and hamlets and homes are bee-hives of hospitality, rich with the honeycomb of smiles and welcomes.



The siege of the Alamo.

"The land of Jackson sends greeting to the land of Houston. May God bless Tennessee, and may God bless Texas.

"When I was a barefooted boy away up among the mountains where nature sings her sweetest song, and brawling brooks laugh in the sunshine and dance in the shadows, I used to sit

on the bank of the river and watch the caravans of covered wagons creeping like mammoth snails with their shells on their backs, southward to the wilderness of Texas. I did not dream then that the ragged, rosy-cheeked children who crowded under the wagon covers were the prophecies of the wealth and power and glory of the greatest empire that was ever born on this continent; but so it was. The caravans landed their precious freight in the wilds of Texas. The blue smoke began to curl upward from the cabins of the pioneers; the burnished plowshare began to slice from the broad prairies like a hot knife slicing a continent of Jersey butter; the reaper, like a phantom ship, began to sweep across amber seas of grain, and Texans who had read Milton's 'Paradise Lost' began to talk about Paradise Regained. The little ragged, candy-haired children grew up into a race of the fairest women and the bravest men that the sun in heaven ever shone upon. They married the sons and daughters of the heroes who had won the independence of Texas, and there were more cabins on the prairies, and another generation was born whose vigor and strength have given increased power to this mighty Commonwealth.

"The spirit of the Alamo glorifies the brow of hood, and the blood of San Jacinto warms the heart of courage, and reddens the cheek ofbeauty here dark-visaged demon of savage hate which once lighted the torch and brandished the scalping knife and spread his flaming wings on the horizon has vanished from Texas forever: the white-crested billows of Mexican wrath which once rolled up from the South and then rolled back again crimsoned with blood were calmed long ago, and the angel of peace is hovering over the land.

"Texas and Tennessee worship together and rejoice as one people in the triumphs of the past and promises of the future.

"A new era of industrial growth and intellectual development is breaking like the glory of the morning upon us. The symphonies and hallelujahs of our Centennial jubilee at Nashville are still falling like the soft waves of a summer ocean upon the glad hills of Tennessee, and the reviving South is listening with unutterable rapture to the great industrial song of Texas; and

the symphonies and hallelujahs of Tennessee and the triumphant songs of Texas are mingling in one grand anthem of praise to God like the joyous waters of many rivers that meet and flow together and sing to the sea.

"I have stood on the platform of the great Auditorium amid the statues and columns and domes and pyramids of our splendid Exposition at home, and I have welcomed a million people to the bosom of my native State. There I have watched sectional lines melt away: there I have seen sectional ignorance enlightened and sectional hate disarmed; there I have seen sectional prejudice transformed into national pride and patriotism; there I have seen the North and the East look with astonishment upon our progress and our miraculous recovery from the ruins of war, and I have heard them pledge their eternal friendship and fraternal love: there I have seen the West come to do us honor and then go away to her rich farms and contented homes with new and happier memories of our people and with new and better ideas of our country; there I have seen our own sweet sunny South drain the brimming cup of joy and return to her cotton bales, fruits and flowers with new luster in her eve and new hope in her heart, there I have witnessed a sure and steady step toward the universal brotherhood of man. May God grant that the light of such a morning may soon break upon this world. But I have stolen away from the festivities of old Tennessee in the evening of her great jubilee to swing corners with Texas, the dark-eyed queen of the South.

"The greatest grievance which we have against Texas lies in the fact that we have loaned her thousands of our bravest men and loveliest women, and she has never returned our jewels except upon the requisition of the Governor, when Tennessee has tenderly sung to Texas:

O where is my wandering boy to-night?

My wandering friends from Tennessee, when I go back to the land of your nativity and view the blue mountains in the spring-time and summer which change to bouquets of purple and gold in autumn and to billows of snow in winter, when I watch with ecstasy the shining streams dashing down through the valleys,

and when I feel the cool breath of the shadowy gorges upon my brow, when I wander among the green hills and quench my thirst from bubbling springs and feast my soul upon the beauty of gorgeous landscapes, and look down through glassy waters and behold a bending sky as soft and blue and radiant with trembling stars as that which bends above, I wonder what mysterious power it is that charms our people from such a land; but when I cross the border of this cloudless, happy clime, where a new world reveals its charm to mankind, and invites the caresses of ambition and the homage of honest endeavor, and where new opportunities illuminate the palaces of fortune and the temple of fame, the mystery is solved.

"When I look upon your colleges and universities and your magnificent cities and splendid towns, and behold here the unmistakable evidence of thrift and rapid transitions from poverty to prosperity; when I look into the smiling faces of your people and see the shadows of heaven in every smile, I almost feel a pang of regret that I am not a Texan; for surely this is the land of promise to those who dream of the glory of wealth and the

splendor of fortune.

"To the farmer it is the garden of Eden, to the politician it is a pumpkin pie, to the lawyer it is a large slice of the aforesaid and the same, to the doctor it is full of the paths of glory that lead but to the grave, to the merchant it is a Klondike, and to

the preacher it is 'glory hallelujah.'

"Not long ago I swung around the circle in Texas, and I discovered that Tennesseeans were either holding all the offices, or were smiling with sweet prospects of the aforesaid and the same. About every other man I met had been safely inducted into the golden slippers of official power, and when I confronted the old familiar Tennessee grin, almost invariably this conversation passed between us:

"'Hello, old fellow; when did you come to Texas?"

"'About two years ago,' quoth he.

"'And how are you getting along, queried I.
"'Powerful fine,' he answered amid his smiles.
"'And what are you doing here?' I asked.

"Gosh, I'm county judge

"But, ladies and gentlemen, if I should recount the long list of heroes and statesmen who came to your State from the grand old Commonwealth which I represent here to-day, I am sure that you would agree with me that Tennessee is entitled to the

honors which she receives from Texas,

"I congratulate your people upon this magnificent exhibition of the fruits of your industry and the products of your soil; and I trust that as the years roll by you will grow in population and wealth and power until Texas shall be not only the pride and glory of the South, but of the whole country."

GOV. TAYLOR ON INGERSOLL.

The following article by Gov. Robert L. Taylor, published in a recent issue of the Johnston City Comet, is one of the most remarkable productions from his gifted pen:

"I sat in a great theater at the national capital. It was thronged with youth and beauty, old age and wisdom. I saw a man, the image of his God, stand upon the stage, and I heard him speak.

"His gestures were perfection of grace, his voice was music, and his language was more beautiful than any I had ever heard from mortal lips.

"He painted picture after picture of the pleasures and joys and sympathies of home. He enthroned love and preached the gospel of humanity like an angel. Then I saw him dip his brush in the ink of moral blackness and blot out the beautiful pictures he had painted. I saw him stab love dead at his feet; I saw him blot out the stars and the sun, and leave humanity and the universe in eternal darkness and eternal death.

"I saw him, like the serpent of old, worm himself into the paradise of human hearts and by his seductive eloquence and subtle devices and sophistry inject his fatal venom, under whose blight its powers faded, its music was hushed, its sunshine was darkened, and its soul was left a desert waste, with only the new-made graves of faith and hope.

"I saw him, like a lawless, erratic meteor without an orbit, sweep across the intellectual sky, brilliant only in its self-consuming fire generated by friction with the indestructible and eternal truths of God.

"That man was the archangel of modern infidelity, and I said: 'How true is holy writ, which declares, "The fool hath said in his heart. There is no God!"

"Tell me not, O infidel, there is no God, no heaven, no hell! Tell me not, O, infidel, there is no risen Christ!

"What intelligence less than God's could fashion the human body? What motive power is it, if not God, that drives the throbbing engine of the human heart with ceaseless, tireless stroke, sending the crimson streams of life bounding and circling through every vein and artery?

Whence and what, if not of God, is this mystery we call mind? What is it that thinks and feels and knows and acts? O, who can deny the divinity that stirs within us?

"God is everywhere and in everything. His mystery is in every bud and blossom and leaf and tree; in every rock and vale and hill and mountain; in every spring and rivulet and river. The rustle of his wing is in every zephyr; its might is in every tempest. He dwells in the dark pavilions of every storm cloud. The lightning is his messenger, and thunder is his voice. His awful tread is in every earthquake and on every angry ocean. The heavens above us teem with his myriads of shining witnesses. The universe of solar systems, whose wheeling orbs course the crystal paths of space, proclaim through the dread halls of eternity the glory and power and dominion of the all-wise, omnipotent, and eternal God."

TO GOV. ROBERT L. TAYLOR.

Grand master of the art of merriment.

Gay prince of laughter and of song,
Whose brilliant shots of wit and sentiment
Pierce through the armor plate of wrong;
And whether speech or print, it matters not,
Old Error always gets them fresh and hot.

Keep up your warfare for the good and true,
Preach love and fun alike to old and young;
E'en now the old folks swear by you;
Your name is on each swain's and maiden's tongue.
The day will come when "Robin's Roost" will be
The most loved spot in dear old Tennessee.

D. W. Starnes, in The Illustrated Youth and Age.

GOV. TAYLOR'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

On January 16, 1899, on the occasion of his retiring from the high office of Governor and of the inauguration of the Governor-elect, Benton McMillin, Governor Taylor delivered his farewell address before the joint convention of the General Assembly, in the Hall of Representatives, at the Capitol. Mr. President Waddell presented Governor Taylor to the audience. He was received with hearty cheers, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I am about to shuffle off this mortal coil of politics and fly away to the heaven of my native mountains, where I may think and dream in peace, safe from the sickening sting of unjust criticism, safe from the talons of some old political vulture, safe from the slimy kiss and the keen dagger of ingratitude. I do not mean to say that all politicians are vultures or that they are all hypocrites or assassins, for the great majority of our public men are upright and honest and worthy of the confidence reposed in them by the people; yet there are black wings in the political firmament, and reptiles crawl and hiss in every capitol; but—thank God!—the live thunders of eternal truth always clear the atmosphere, and the heel of justice will surely bruise the serpent's head.

"I do not retire from this office with the rankling of disappointment and chagrin in my bosom, but, rather, as one who retires from labor to rest, from war to peace, from trouble to happiness. I do not retire the somnambulist of a shattered dream, but with all the buds of hope bursting into bloom and all the bowers of the future ringing with melody. I am contented with my lot in life. Three times I have worn the laurel wreath of honor, twined by the people of my native State, and that is glory enough for me.

"While I believe the good in politics outweights the bad, yet how thorny is the path and how unhappy the pilgrimage to him who dares do his duty! There are no flowers except a few bouquets snatched from the graves of fallen foes; there is no happiness except the transient thrill of cruel triumph, which passes like a shadow across the heart.

"Every honest man who runs for office is a candidate for trouble, for the fruits of political victory turn to ashes on the lips To me there is nothing in this world so pathetic as a candidate. He is like a mariner without a compass, drifting on the tempest-tossed waves of uncertainty, between the smiling cliffs of hope and the frowning crags of fear. He is a walking petition and a living prayer; he is the pack horse of public sentiment; he is the dromedary of politics; and even if he reaches the goal of his ambition, he will soon feel the beak of the vulture in his heart and the fang of the serpent in his soul. I am no longer a candidate. Never again will I be inaugurated into public office. The ark of my humble public career now rests on the Ararat of private life, and I stand on its peaceful summit and look down on the receding flood of politics. The dove of my destiny has brought me an olive branch from happier fields, and I go hence to labor and to love. I take with me a heart full of gratitude and a soul full of precious memories—gratitude to the people for their unwavering confidence in me, precious memories of my friends who have been kind and true. The record that I have made is an open book to all. I am willing to live by that record; I am willing to die by it; for whatever mistakes I may have committed, I have kept steadily in view the honor of the State and the happiness of the people.

"As I have already presented my views on public questions in my recent message to the General Assembly, I deem it unnecessary to further discuss them on this happy occasion—happy to our new Governor, happy to you, happy to me, happy to us all. It only remains for me to bid you all an affectionate and final farewell and to express the prayer that the Christ who died for love and mercy's sake will guide our Chief Executive and all who shall follow him in the paths of peace and love and baptize them with the spirit of mercy. Farewell, farewell!"

Turning to Mr. McMillin, Governor Taylor said. 'And now, Benton McMillin, you have given your hand and heart to Tennessee. I pronounce you man and wife, and may God Almighty have mercy on your souls. To change the figure, Hobson sank the Merrimac, but Tennessee now has a Merrimac that proudly floats on the billows and cannot be sunk, our own Benton McMillin."

GOV. TAYLOR'S SPEECH OF WELCOME.

On the occasion of the reception given by the citizens of Nashville to Capt. Maynard and Lieut. Hobson, in the great Tabernacle of Nashville, on the evening of December 16, 1898, Gov. Robert L. Taylor was introduced by Mr. Bryan, the chairman, as the "Apostle of Sunshine." "He is," said the chairman, "a man who has fought five hundred battles on the lecture platform, and has won them every one."

Governor Taylor was the recipient of a demonstration which was most flattering to him, the immense audience cheering for several minutes before they would allow him to begin. He

spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: "The eves of the whole world are turned upon this great republic of civil liberty, as in its marvelous strength and power it pulls down the flags of monarchies all around its borders and glorifies the islands of the sea with its own broad stripes and bright stars. The great powers of earth are wondering how a nation of such proportions and a government of such resistless force could be developed within the circle of a single century. They old theories of government exploded here, old creeds shrinking before the religion of Christ, and old philosophies vanishing like the mists of morning before the sunlight of a new and glorious civilization; but the story has not half been told. If I could draw back the curtain of the future, I would show to these wondering nations still greater triumphs and still more marvelous achievements; I would show them America controlling the trade of the world: I would show them American commerce spreading its white wings above the billows and flying from ocean to ocean through the peaceful portals of the Nicaraguan Canal; I would show to them Cuba, the weeping child of the sea, bursting into laughter and song in the loving arms of liberty; and Porto Rico, the blushing beauty of the Atlantic, smiling beneath the folds of the American flag. But beyond Cuba and Porto Rico I seek not to penetrate the veil; on the Philipines I would let the curtain fall.

"The glory of our nation is the blossoming of freedom, and freedom sprang from the blood of heroes. No wonder we twine the laurel wreath and turn the air into music; no wonder we greet with open arms and overflowing hearts our heroes when they come. Whenever we shall forget the sacrifices they have made and the sufferings they have endured, whenever we shall cease to scatter flowers over the graves of the dead and weave

garlands for the living, whenever we shall grow weary of honoring the scars of valor and applauding the knightly courage of men who, for the sake of humanity, face death at the cannon's mouth, our glory will fade and freedom will perish among its

worshippers.

"To-night the feet of heroes are pressing the sacred soil of Tennessee—sacred because it is sanctified with the blood of as brave men as ever faced a foe. One of these heroes was born on this soil; but while yet in his youth destiny led him from his native mountains to win his laurels on the ocean wave, and the first shot of the war with Spain was fired by a Tennessean from the frowning deck of the gunboat which bears the name of Nashville.

"Captain Maynard, Tennessee welcomes you to her warm, throbbing heart as a proud old mother receives her darling

boy. "Lieutenant Hobson, I wish I could spin the feelings of our people into shining threads and weave them into words to express our admiration of your courage and our love for you. There is only an imaginary line between Tennessee and Alabama. Alabama's sons are Tennessee's sons and Tennessee's boys are Alabama's boys. Tennessee would fight any day for Alabama, and I know that Alabama would fight for Tennessee. We are all one people, and the honor of one State is the glory of the other. I hope that Tennessee's gallant Maynard and Alabama's brave Hobson will live through many years to come to enjoy the blessings and benedictions of all the people of our whole country; and when they die and their bodies shall be buried out of sight, like the Merrimac, I hope their spirits will be wafted to heaven on the shining deck of the spirit boat Nashville.

> "Come to the bridal chamber. Death: Come to the mother when she feels For the first time her first-born's breath: Come as in consumption's ghastly form, The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm-And thou art terrible: But to the hero when his reward Hath won the battles of the free. Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word, And in its hollow tones are heard The thanks of millions vet to be."

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"At the college which he opened in Savannah, Ga., the 15th of June, he now has seventy students in regular attendance. Prof. Draughon also has flourishing colleges at Galveston and Texarkana, Tex., as well as at Nashville.

"He reports the attendance at all of his colleges larger this summer than ever before at the same season of the year. Prof. Draughon has live, up-to-date business colleges. He is author of four text books on bookkeeping, which have an immense sale. His course of iustruction, in all departments and his facilities for securing positions are almost an offset to competition, where the merits of his work are known, hence he can well afford to open schools throughout the United States. His colleges now have a national reputation for thoroughness and reliability. He doubtless expends more money securing positions for his students than any other business college in this State takes in as tuition.

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